

GREAT STORY OF THE FITZ-JEFFRIES BATTLE

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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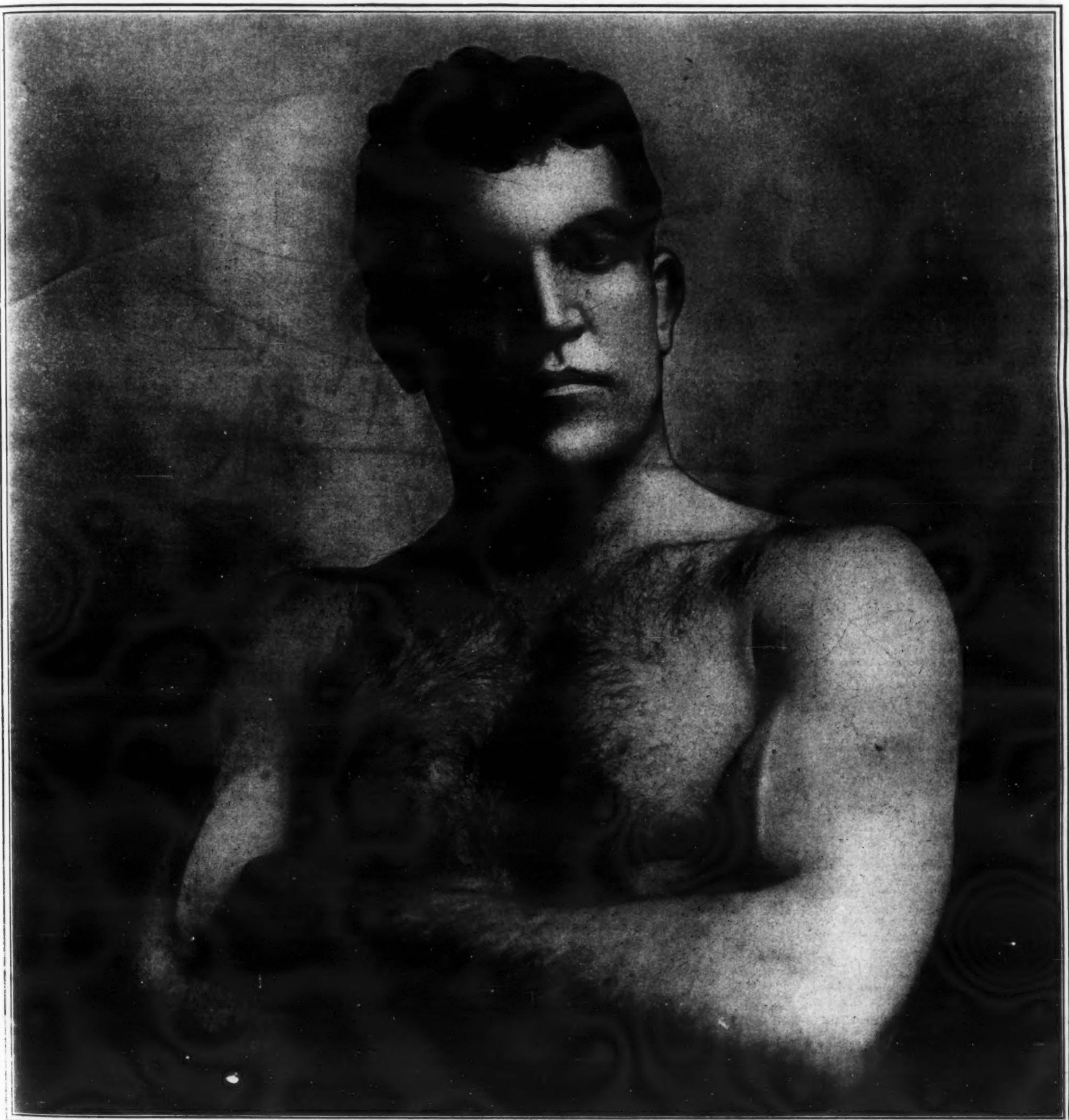


Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

HE FOUGHT AND DEFEATED ROBERT FITZSIMMONS FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD AT SAN FRANCISCO ON JULY 25.



Established 1846.

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VAUDEVILLE GOSSIP.

Dixon and Lane write that they are meeting with success in their instrumental act.

Aaron S. Hoffman is spending the summer at Bath Beach, L. I., where he is working.

John Ellwood has signed for next season with Bob Manchester's Cracker Jacks Company.

Hamilton and Wiley have closed fourteen successful weeks on the Southern circuit of parks.

Pug Reynolds, of Reynolds and Feldman, is still managing the Eureka Music Hall, Ironton, Ohio.

Fred W. Johnson, musical director, goes with Bob Manchester's Vanily Fair Company next season.

Reba Kaufman, who recently closed with Dan Daly in "The New Yorkers," is playing vaudeville dates.

Bunkerr, who styles himself "the Great," says he will have twelve acts in his vaudeville company next season.

Raymond and Caverly have signed with the Empire Vaudeville Company for next season. They are now on the Keith circuit.

May Kennedy opened upon the W. B. McCallum circuit of parks at Ithaca, N. Y., recently, and is booked up until the last of August.

Lillian Held has signed with Robert Manchester for next season, which will be her third season with Mr. Manchester's enterprises.

Brooks Brothers will present their \$25,000 production for the first time at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York city, week of August 25th.

The Esher Sisters, who are playing Edward Shayne's circuit of parks, have signed with Rice & Barton's Company for next season.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Casad joined the R. V. Hall Circus and Vaudeville Show recently at Fond du Lac, Wis., to do their comedy musical act.

The Three Oroles report that they are winning a great success with Pain's new edition of "The Last Days of Pompeii" through the South.

Ernest Hogan will be starred next season under the management of Gus Hill, in a musical comedy, called "My Friend from Georgia."

Oscar Liebenam, musical director, has signed for next season with Bob Manchester's Cracker Jacks, which will be his third season with that company.

Jack Davis, late of Myers and Davis, has joined hands with Paul Hall, character impersonator. They will be known as Davis and Hall, the German philosophers.

Stella De Barr, formerly of Belmont and De Barr, has again joined hands with Jack C. Belmont, after a separation of four years. They will be known as the Whirling Belmonts.

George Lambert, blackface comedian and dancer, is playing parks through the East, presenting his new act, "Warm Baby From the South." He has again signed with the Who, What, When Minstrels.

McIntyre and Rice have signed for next season with Bob Manchester's Cracker Jacks Company. It will be their third season under Mr. Manchester's management. They are spending the summer at their home in Kenosha, Wis.

STORY OF THE SOUBRETTE

AT A SUMMER RESORT WHO WAS

LOVED BY A GAY VILLAGER

He Took Her Riding and After They Had Gone Twenty Miles He Told Her He Was Eloping With Her.

PRETTY LITTLE ACTRESS SAVED A MAN.

He Was So Grateful That He Sent Her Money, But She's Working and Papa Says She Doesn't Need it, So She Sent it Back--So They Say.

Here is a regular summer thriller, tinged with romance, and with all the component parts of a fine melodrama. The lady, who is an actress, and who has had troubles of her own, was taking a rest at Palm Grove, hove in sight of a farm house. She jumped out from the buggy and ran screaming in the direction of a small crowd which stood on the porch. They lifted her tenderly and the young man lifted his speed, driving down the country road at a terrific and reckless rate.



Photo by Gage Milwaukee

BOBBIE VAN OSTEN.

A Beautiful and Charming Burlesquer who has Signed with the Cracker Jacks Burlesque Company, and She, no doubt, will be the Hit of the Show.

Mass., where she met a lovely young villager with a blonde mustache.

Of course, he invited her to take a drive.

Also, of course, she accepted, and at the back of a willing horse they began to cut time on the bias, scattering fugit along a distance of the main country road until they had separated themselves from Palm Grove by twenty miles of firm.

Then she asked the young man how far they were going.

"We're never going to stop," was his rejoinder, "we're eloping."

Having one husband in the category, the young woman couldn't see her way clear, and apprised the young man of the fact. He was obdurate, however, and said that if she did not wed him when the next town was reached he would kill her.

Having no desire to cancel the earth without the customary two weeks' notice—and the further fact that the young man was pointing a pistol in her face—she gladly consented to become a bigamist. And to show he was the real thing he fired the gun once in the direction of her head. He continued on his wild drive toward death or matrimony when suddenly the vehicle

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The art of wrestling nicely illustrated and containing portraits of the champions. Price, 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE, Fox Building, New York City.

respective bath houses. He asked her what her address was in the city.

Two hours later she received at her hotel the following note from the man she saved:

"My dear lady: Inclosed please find my check for \$200. Accept this, not as payment for rescuing me this afternoon, but as a kind remembrance of one who appreciates to the fullest what you did."

She returned the check with a polite note of thanks. She is with a show and she doesn't need the money. Great, isn't it?

The funny part of the whole story is that she can't swim.

Puzzle—Find the liar!

They were callow youths, if you know what that means, and they had been out for a devilish good time. They admired a pair of comic opera queens, although the nearest they had ever been to them were orchestra chairs. Of course, there was an argument, and here is what followed:

"Come down here on the level, and we'll settle the thing for good and all," said the admirer of the blonde. The blonde's champion signified that nothing would give him more pleasure. The friends loudly proclaimed their approval of the issue and apportioned themselves off as seconds and referees.

The combatants stripped to the waist and squared off in the fashion of youths accustomed to the gymnasium. They exhibited fair skill at use of their hands, and for two rounds it was give and take in steady Marquis of Queensberry fashion.

First blood and first knockdown were scored at one punch by the blonde upholder early in the third round. A stiff right on the mouth did it. When the brunet defender had picked himself up he threw away all thought of rules, and went into his adversary rough and tumble.

An orderly fight now turned into a turmoil and the nearby dwellers began to pop heads out of windows. Women shrieked that murder was being done and somebody yelled police. The demonstration was lost upon the contenders and their abettors. A bluecoat came on a run up the track, but they did not hear him.

The patrolman pulled them apart. They were covered with blood from head to waist. As they would not listen to wisdom as spoken by the officer, he took them to the lockup. They were discharged in court with a reprimand.

They hate opera queens now. The vaudeville for them.

Dolly—That's a great bathing suit you have.

Polly—Sure; it'll show a vaccination mark, no matter where it is.

She was as sweet and dainty as any would care to look upon, and as she lightly tripped across Broadway at the corner of Thirty fifth street, every man stopped to look after her, principally to regard with wonder the gold heels she had on her Louis XVI. ties.

"What does this mean?" is what every man asked himself. "Is it some new fashion from Paris or a mere whim that has no prospect of being imitated by other women?"

Other women gazed at her with jealousy in their eyes and wondered what the men saw in her to look at anyhow.

"She makes a great sensation," said one onlooker. "Well, she is just about as original as they make them. You see, she is in one of the choruses, and got a tip to play the horse Gold Heels. She did so, and within the last two weeks won so much money on him that, in order to show her appreciation in some way, she had a pair of gold heels made in honor of the horse. Yes, and I'll bet before she gets through she will have a lot more following her example."

"I hope not," said one of the bystanders. "It will break me if my wife gets a pair of them."

Good Photographs of Vaudeville Artists in Character solicited for publication.

"I have a little fable that I would like to communicate to you," said a clever fellow of the Rialto the other morning.

"Once upon a time there was a grotesque comedian who married a very rich woman, and all his friends dropped around with congratulations and applications for small loans, as might have been expected.

"The grotesque comedian accepted the congratulations as becoming his new dignity as the husband of a woman with money to burn, but did not stand altogether for the touches, for he was something of a spender himself and the current coin was not always at hand. Besides, he did not care to injure his standing by holding up the missus for a wad of the green so early in the conjugal game.

"Such was the adulation of his impoverished friends that the grotesque comedian in time began to look upon himself as an important personage indeed and was inclined to put on style.

"I can quit work any time that strikes my fancy," he said to himself and some others, 'and loll around in luxury for the rest of my days.'

"Why don't you do it?" demanded his impoverished friends.

"Well, just you wait awhile and see me pull off the trick," he replied.

"But he is still working, and working hard. In fact, his industry increases daily, although he rides to rehearsals, performances and managers' offices in swell turnouts further ornamented with imported coachmen and footmen.

"Why is this thus?" asked the impoverished friends, after they had marvelled at the grotesque comedian's application to his spot-lighted job for several months.

"My friends," made answer the grotesque comedian sadly, "the poor actor who married the woman of untold riches needs must hustle and keep it up eternally. It is his antics and capers on the stage which are his chief charm with her."

"Whereupon they lifted him from his wife's \$6,000 victoria, carried him to the nearest dispensary and bought him a beer, he being a few cents shy of the necessary price.

"And the moral of this is go thou and do not likewise."

ARE YOU MUSCULAR?

If you are, there is a great chance for you to win the "Police Gazette" diamond medal. For particulars, see page 7. Second, third and fourth prizes.

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S SUPERB SUPPLEMENT---CHARMING AND SHAPELY NELLIE O'NEIL

CHAMPION JIM JEFFRIES WINS

--THE EIGHTH ROUND ENDED HOSTILITIES--

BOB FITZSIMMONS KNOCKED OUT

AFTER LANKY BOB HAD CUT UP AND BESMEARED JIM'S FACE JEFF STEPPED IN AND PUT FITZ TO SLEEP---CLAIM MADE THAT IT WAS A FAKE FIGHT.

Before the greatest crowd which ever assembled at a California ringside, James J. Jeffries, before the San Francisco A. C. on July 25, knocked out Bob Fitzsimmons in the eighth round of what was to have been a twenty-round battle and thus retained the heavyweight championship.

So far as Fitzsimmons was concerned it was a fast and bruising contest. For seven rounds he fought as he had never fought before, cleverly and scientifically, and he surprised even his most faithful adherents. He had the champion cut, bleeding and confused, and the following story by rounds doesn't show that he suffered any material damage.

The thousands of eager spectators who were looking on, and who had handed over a fortune to see the best heavyweights of the world do battle, saw the champion staggered and bleeding by the rapier-like thrusts of the Australian's left; they saw a clever man weighing about 168 pounds, slowly but surely whipping a giant of 218 pounds, whose defense seemed to be awry and whose inability to land seemed to infuriate him.

It was a confused champion in that twenty-four foot ring, a big fellow with massive muscles and awkward pose, who couldn't land to suit him.

The men who had bet on Fitzsimmons at average odds of 3 to 1 could see their money coming home with interest, and in the eighth round came a right-hand punch on the jaw which laid their man low. Eddie Graney, the referee, sawed the air with his right arm with pendulum-like precision, and the struggling man was counted out.

All this while, so it is said, P. E. Schmitz, the mayor of the city, sat in a ringside box with a sealed letter in his possession, which had been delivered him the night before, and which he had been requested not to open until after the fight.

In the envelope, it is alleged, was a signed and sworn to statement, made by a well-known sporting writer, which declared that the battle was a prearranged affair, and that Fitzsimmons was to be knocked out in the eighth round.

After reading it the mayor is alleged to have said:

"From the information I have received I am inclined to believe this exhibition was no better than the previous ones we have had, namely, the Jeffries-Rublin and Gans-McFadden and others, and it will do much toward discouraging the sport in this city. In fact, unless some indubitable evidence is produced to disprove the information which has been furnished me, I shall have hereafter to prohibit all such professional fake exhibitions."

The POLICE GAZETTE does not propose at this time to present an opinion as to whether or no the fight was really a fake, as it is very likely the matter will be fully investigated by the proper authorities.

If it is, the news will find a place in these columns, as usual.

THE FIGHT.

When Fitzsimmons stepped into the ring a few minutes after 10 o'clock, carrying his gloves, and accompanied by Clark Ball, "Hank" Griffin, George Dawson and bottle holder, he received an ovation that must have been particularly gratifying to him in view of the fact that he was on Jeffries' stamping ground.

One minute later Jeffries stepped into the ring, dressed in a long overcoat, knee pants, a sweater and a Panama hat. About him were Billy Delaney, Joe Eagan, Joe Kennedy and George Miller. Jeffries walked up and inspected Fitzsimmons' bandages, passing them without comment.

Jim Corbett sent a challenge to fight the winner. This was received with a pause, but a moment later the announcement that Sharkey had sent a challenge was received with jeers. The men finally chose quarters, Fitzsimmons taking the northeast and Jeff the southwest.

Fitzsimmons wore bandages on both hands. Jeffries wore no bandages. Fitzsimmons took his stool and sat quietly chewing gum. He looked well, slightly older than when he last fought in San Francisco, but much the same otherwise.

The announcer stated that the forfeit money had been returned to the principals and the club. Jeffries looked confident and sat in his corner chewing gum while the little preliminary announcements were being made. Fitzsimmons donned his gloves which were a light maroon. Jeffries' were very dark red.

Ben Solomon was timekeeper for the club, Edward Wheeler for Fitz and Billy Gallagher for Jeffries.

When Jeffries stripped his sweater he showed up to perfection. He looked as if he had taken off considerable weight, but his muscles stood out firm and hard.

The men were photographed with hands clasped in the centre of the ring. At fifteen minutes after ten o'clock Graney delivered his instructions to the men, and ten minutes later the men took their corners. While Jeffries fixed his belt Bob tested the ring by jumping around the floor.

BATTLE BY ROUNDS.

Round 1--They came quickly to the centre, Jeff in a half-crouching attitude and both feinting rapidly. Jeffries followed Bob around, feinting with left and looking for an opening. Fitz was the first to lead. He sent a short right jab to the jaw and another a moment

later. Jeffries crouched and rushed, but Fitz sidestepped out of the way. Jeff rushed again, and Fitzsimmons smothered his left for the body. Both of them did a lot of feinting, Jeff finally trying for the face, but it fell short. He forced his man into the corner, but missed a hard left swing. Then Fitz tried for the face,

smiled and forced him to the corner. The lanky fellow quickly sidestepped out of the way. Fitz tried for the head, but was quietly and neatly blocked. Fitz broke ground before Jeff's left, but finally tried a left for the head. It was light, however, and the champion caught it on the shoulder. They exchanged lefts, Bob putting

Jeff tried another left, but was stopped with a left jab on the face. In a clinch Jeff pushed Fitz back. Fitz put a stiff one on the nose and Jeff bled freely. Jeffries cheek was opened with a left hook and more blood flowed. The champion rushed, swinging left and right. They were blocked, but a left caught Bob hard in the stomach. Bob jabbed left to face twice. Jeffries looked worried: The lanky fellow was cool and got out of the way. Jeff's face was covered with blood at the end of the round from his nose and a gash over the right eye. Delaney busied himself over him between rounds.

Round 4--Jeff looked enraged as he crouched and clinched his lips. He was very careful and stayed clear of Fitz's left jabs. Bob blocked two swings for the head, and got out of the reach of another. A moment later they came together and exchanged lefts on the face. Fitz put a short right hook on the head, and Jeffries landed left on the chest. Fitz put Jeff's head back with a left jab and started the blood. Jeffries got another right on the head, but came in with two left hooks, one for the head and another for the body. Fitz was going away, however, and the force was broken. Bob led a stiff left to the body, but got a right on the head. Fitz then took a turn at forcing, putting left on face twice and compelling Jeff to duck away. Jeffries looked worried as he listened to Delaney's instructions.

Round 5--They feinted for a moment. Then Jeff led his left for the body, but missed and got a chop on the body. Fitz got a left to Jeff's face, but took left and right on the body. Jeffries forced Fitz to the ropes and put left and right on face twice. Fitz clinched, and when they broke sent in two body blows from left and right delivered from the hips. They clinched repeatedly. Fitz put a terrific right on the jaw and a moment later a left on face. Jeff cut Fitz's right cheek with a left. They fought rapidly, Fitz cutting Jeff's face with his left and putting right on head. Jeffries was bleeding freely and was tired. Just before the close of the round Fitz put a right over Jeff's left eye, cutting it and bringing blood. Jeff was not winded, but was bleeding from the nose, left eye and right cheek. The only mark on Fitz was a slight abrasion on the right cheek.

Round 6--Jeffries came up and crouched low. He missed his first attempt with a left on the head. He rushed, but the wily Australian blocked every blow and got out of the way. Fitz put a right on Jeff's head, one on the body and another on the nose. Jeffries broke ground and ducked out of the way. They exchanged lefts on the head, Fitz's being the most damaging. Jeff rushed again and again, but was smothered and took three lefts and a right on the face. Jeff rushed Fitz to the ropes but got a right and left on the face which started the blood afresh. Fitz showed remarkable cleverness in getting away from rushes. His left jabs were cutting, and just as the gong sounded he put another on Jeff's sore mouth and nose.

Round 7--Jeffries showed up well and rushed Fitz determinedly. He put a left on the body, but took left and right on the head. Neither were damaging, however, and when a moment later they came together Jeffries put two terrific swings on the body and head. Jeff wore a determined look. As he stopped to spit Fitz jabbed him three times in the mouth and forced him to the ropes. Jeffries came back like an enraged bull and bleeding from the nose, mouth and cheek, he rushed the smaller man to the ropes, putting left on body and right over the ear. Fitz stood him off, however, with left jabs, occasionally settling left to the head. Jeffries sent left to the head and in the clinch they carried on a conversation, Fitz smiling good-naturedly, while Jeffries was bleeding and presented a terrible appearance. He was not tired, however, and took it easy in the wait.

Round 8--Bob stood straight up, feinting with his left and drawing Jeffries on. Jeff smiled through his bloody features, ducking a left swing and landing a hard left on the ribs. They went at it, Fitz putting left on face and took one on the head. Fitz missed a right and took a stiff punch on the body. Jeff forced the fighting at this stage, crouching low and carrying his right high and left far back. They came together and clinched. As Fitz stepped back he smiled and spoke to Jeffries, and before he could get out of reach Jeffries quickly hooked his left on the jaw, and Fitzsimmons went down on his back. He came up slowly, but before he could get up on both feet the referee counted ten, and the fight was over.

MARTIN GOT THE DECISION.

"Denver Ed" Martin won the colored heavyweight championship of the world at London, Eng., on July 25, by being awarded the decision over Bob Armstrong at the end of fifteen rounds. It was Martin all the way.

GANS KNOCKS OUT TURNER.

Joe Gans, of Baltimore, knocked out Rufe Turner, of California, in the fifteenth round before the Century A. C., Oakland, Cal., on July 24.

THE BARTENDER CHAMPION

For 1901 not only won a handsome medal but became famous and is now drawing a big salary. There's a chance for you.



Photo by Bushnell, San Francisco.

CHAMPION JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

landing lightly. Jeff sent a hard left on the body, and Bob countered on the head without damage. Jeff continued to force his man and when the gong sounded corners he was on the aggressive. When the champion took his corner his nose was bleeding slightly from one of Fitz's left jabs. He looked confident, however, and sat watching Fitz during the minute's respite.

Round 2--Jeff went after Fitz, trying left for the head and falling short. Fitz jabbed left to the neck and Jeff

stiff left on the face. Jeff crouched lower and sent Fitz back against the ropes with a left body blow. Fitz put two left hooks on the face and got out of the way of the champion's left. Jeff went at him with a stiff left on the head. He got a left on the nose that brought blood in a stream from Jeff's nose. At the close of the round Jeff was somewhat worried, but took matters coolly during the minute's rest. His nose was bleeding freely. Fitz on the other hand, was as cool as a cucumber and was not in the least blown.

Round 3--Jeff came up forcing matters. His bloody nose annoyed him a little. He changed his tactics for a moment and stood up straight. Two left leads were blocked by Fitz and a left jab on the sore nose returned.

Extra Copies of the Great Double Supplement, FITZ AND JEFF IN THE RING, 10c., Mailed in a Tube

*Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.***MLLE. BERNY.**

A CANTATRICE OF THE FRENCH THEATRES WHO IS ADORED BY THE PARISIAN PUBLIC FOR HER CLEVERNESS.

*Photo by J. B. Wilson, Chicago.***MAY HOSMER.**

VERSATILE LEADING LADY OF PEOPLE'S THEATRE, MILWAUKEE, AS "CIGARETTE" IN "UNDER TWO FLAGS."

*Photo by Sarony, New York.***FLORENCE SOHNS.**

A STATUESQUE BEAUTY POPULAR WITH THEATREGOERS.

*Photo by Falk, New York.***LOUISE BEAUDET.**

SHE IS ONE OF THE MOST DAINTY AND CHARMING OF COMEDIENNES.

*Photo by Feinberg, New York.***ANITA POTTER.**

HER AERIAL WORK WITH FOREPAUGH AND SELLS CIRCUS IS MARVELLOUS.



BOBBY DOBBS' SCHOOL.

AMBITION YOUNG PUPILS HARD AT WORK IN THE PHYSICAL CULTURE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE WELL-KNOWN BALTIMOREAN.



THEY ARE GLOBE TROTTERS.

G. P. MEIR, E. CLANCY, A. J. KRAUSE AND W. GEFEKE, WHO STARTED FROM WEST POINT, NEB.



O. B. TAYLOR.

CHARACTER COMEDIAN AND VOCALIST IN VAUDEVILLE.



"WALLACE."

FIFTY-TWO-POUND FIGHTING BULLDOG OWNED BY W. E. McCORMAC OF CLARKSVILLE, TENN.



L. H. MULLENHOFF.

ALDERMAN AND SALOONKEEPER OF BUFFALO, N. Y.



THEY ARE HUSTLERS ON THE GRIDIRON.

THE STURDY AND SCIENTIFIC MEMBERS OF THE TIGER FOOTBALL AGGREGATION OF LANCASTER, PA., AND THEIR ABLE AND POPULAR MANAGER, FRED HECHT.

FITZSIMMONS AND JEFFRIES

—ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES IN MUSCULAR EQUIPMENT—

A PHYSICAL COMPARISON

GOOD AND BAD POINTS OF THE CHAMPION AND THE EX-CHAMPION--THE GREAT DIFFERENCE IN WEIGHT AND METHODS--HOW THE MATCH WAS MADE.

When a physical comparison is made of the two men Fitzsimmons, to use a race track phrase, seems to be left at the post. The weak part of the Australian is the legs. Above the waist he is finely developed and magnificently muscled. The half-tones on the back page of this issue will show that.

It is the most natural thing in the world that Fitzsimmons should be a strong man. He ought to be strong, for he put in eight years of hard work over an anvil, and if anything on earth will develop a man's muscles it is swinging hammers.

Fitz, after serving his apprenticeship, had no trouble in finding employment, for he was an excellent workman, and could outbox and outwrestle any of his companions as well. This had no particular bearing on the business of making horseshoes, but in Australia it appears to have meant a great deal, for Bob always got eighteen shillings a week, which was considered a big thing.

Perhaps Fitz's exhibition with the gloves drew trade to the shop. At any rate the boss did not object to his leaving the place for a few moments any time to accommodate a visitor who desired a short "go" with the gloves. As there was no charge for this, the shop had numerous visitors, and Fitz's time was pretty well taken up.

His arms have helped to make him a fortune since he left the blacksmith shop, but the "show" business has relieved him of a greater part of it. Fitzsimmons' immense development of forearm is one of the most formidable points about his anatomy, and he has his trade as a blacksmith to thank for it. There isn't perhaps a fighter to-day who can use his forearm blow without injuring the wrist excepting Fitzsimmons. Fitz discovered that there is more damage in landing with the forearm than with the back of the hand.

Punching the bag is a great art. This is what you see when you see him punching the bag. In a loft above a big barn you see a tall man, with a thick neck, projecting somewhat, and with very auburn hair. He is dressed exclusively in a breech cloth of rubber and a pair of boxing shoes without heels. He has very blue and very piercing eyes. They are wonderfully blue.

When he strikes out with his full force, and the latter when he becomes interested in sparring with Soldier Wilson, his sparring partner, his lips curl and show his two eyeteeth in a fashion that wouldn't be very cheerful for an antagonist. With his lips curled, his teeth showing, muscles playing and his fist crashing through the air he is a pleasant sight to see, if you have no personal controversy with him.

His shoulders are bunches of muscles and he handles them almost as well as his head. He parries blows with them. He can punch the ball with them without using his hand, and in fighting, or when a man steps in close for protection, he can hit a blow on the jaw with either shoulder hard enough to knock out an ordinary person. His shoulders are so well trained that he can lift either up almost above the top of his ear, making an absolute protection on that side of his head. Any man looking at Fitz's back will see that Prof. Donovan was probably right in saying that the Australian can hit a harder straight blow than any man in the ring.

The training which Fitzsimmons believes in differs from the training of the average fighter in many important respects. First of all, he trains himself. He takes his own advice and regulates his own work and diet.

He has no alcohol to get out of his stomach, and no stomach to work off. Where most fighters in repose have a stomach, Fitzsimmons has sort of a hollow. He looks about three times as big around the shoulders as around the waist.

"I'll do no more eighteen or twenty-mile runs," he said, during a recent course of training. "I'll start off and run six or eight miles, and then I'll walk back at a good, nice gait. Next day I'll walk out my distance and run back. Another day I'll run a mile and walk a mile, alternating for ten or fifteen miles."

According to his friends, Fitzsimmons is the happy possessor of no bad habits. It is true he is about the only man who has ever trained for a great fight relying upon his own strength of character to keep him from injuring his chances by indiscretion. The trainer is usually a spy to keep his man from drinking or smoking, and he is usually also a sort of slave driver to keep his man up to his work. Fitzsimmons always does, and he has wisely remarked that if he couldn't keep himself straight with the prospect of a fortune before him, no trainer could, so that his trainer was merely a moral guide, and to some extent a friendly counselor.

JEFFRIES' ADVANTAGES.

You don't need to have a map of measurements before you to know what kind of a man—physically, of course—Jeffries is. The supplements of him, published by the POLICE GAZETTE, and which every man ought to have, will show that. He is big every way. He fights at considerably over 200 pounds, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, has a chest that measures 48 inches when inflated, a neck of 17½ inches, and legs that are huge for ever so big a man. He is bear-like in build and bear-like in action, but he is strong and willing and he doesn't have to land on an antagonist many times to get the big end of the purse.

Take for instance, when he fought Corbett. For twenty-three rounds the adept ex-champion peppered him with every punch known in the fistic calendar. Jeffries was made the victim of a human rapid fire

gun. He was made to appear ridiculous before even the men who were his own friends and who had their money on him. For twenty-two rounds he was dazed by the blows that were annoying but lacked the steam to do him damage. He wasn't aggressive and he had no defense.

When the gong sounded for the twenty-third round

And that was about as good a line on the champion as anyone wants. He is not a ring tactician, nor a student of blows, but he hits so hard that he doesn't have to hit often. He is not brilliant, and never will be. His battles are not spectacular, but the crushing force of his blows is unusual.

He is awkward, therefore a hard man to get at. He

suddenly conceived the idea of accepting an offer from Charleston, S. C. All previous arrangements were declared off and it looked as if there would be no fight.

Then when public opinion seemed to be going against him he offered to meet Jeffries anywhere and talk the matter over.

He wrote, or caused to be written, the following letter to Jeffries:

"I am convinced, after careful investigation, that the only State in the Union where a glove contest can be held without interference on the part of the authorities is California. Of course, there is Nevada, but its isolation makes it out of the question. Kentucky has declared her opposition to the event, and South Carolina, through her Governor, with whom I had communication by telegraph, expresses determination to oppose a glove contest with the militia:

"By letter and telegraph I have carefully investigated the propositions and offers that have been made and sifted each report and bid to the bottom. This I did for the furtherance of mutual interests, and to give intelligent consideration to every possible offer.

"I believed the East to be the best possible place to pull off the contest, and on that basis I worked, but it is clearly out of the question. Therefore, this brings the issue upon the section you have always favored, and inasmuch as it has been intimated in the public press and openly suggested by various handlers, trainers and backers that I am seeking to avoid a meeting with you, I make this proposition:

"I will meet you anywhere in the State of California at any hour or any date you may select, and box you for the championship of the world, either in a limited round or a finish contest. I leave it entirely to you to make the best possible arrangements for all concerned, select your club, name the hour and I will be on hand to meet you as per our previous articles of agreement or forfeit \$2,500.

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS."

"Yours received and I sincerely trust you are in earnest and that you mean business. Without wasting words, you made a big mistake in not accepting the Los Angeles offer, as everything was fair and just to you. Your acknowledgement that the contest is impossible in the East is only a repetition of my action toward their bids. Your action toward California bids led me to believe you were trying to avoid a meeting. We pledged mutually to agree on the best bid on a certain date, and at that time the East had not been heard from and you refused to accept anything here. I don't want to dictate anything, but want mutual financial interests and will therefore communicate with clubs in California. They will doubtless insist on deciding the best date and we must agree on something. You deposit \$2,500 now and I will do likewise. I am sincere in all I have done and sorry you have not realized the same.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES."

The National Sporting Club, of London, made an offer of a \$15,000 purse for the fight, but it wasn't even considered.

From this point on matters began to warm up a bit, and it really began to look as if there was going to be a fight after all.

Fitzsimmons concluded to go West and see the champion personally, and accompanied by "Soldier" Tom Wilson, a private in the regular army, to whom he had taken a great fancy, and who was to be his sparring partner, boarded a train for the Golden Gate.

By this time the articles had really been signed, but there was the club, the referee, the date and a few other incidentals to settle.

But Jeffries was still skeptical and was not quite sure whether Fitz really meant business or not.

Then there was a talking match, of the kind that none but the heavyweight boxers seem able to indulge in. Here is some of the artillery which Jeffries is said to have unloaded:

"I have come up here to make a match. Fitzsimmons has seemed to be very anxious to hurry affairs, and I got here as quickly as possible for the same purpose. No match has been made—that is, the match that was made in New York, is off, because Fitzsimmons did not live up to any of the requirements. There were a great many clauses in the articles for that match which we will object to.

"In the first place, I want to meet Fitzsimmons under the auspices of the Los Angeles Club, provided that they will offer the best inducements, the winner to take all. I would like to have a California referee. Another thing, I want eight weeks to train in after signing articles, which I figure would bring the contest into August.

"I will insist that neither party to the agreement will wear bandages. This is a championship fight, and, as you will remember, Fitzsimmons would not allow Corbett to wear bandages in Carson, and he would not let me to wear bandages in my fight in New York."

Eventually, however, the match was clinched.

Eddie Grancy was selected as the referee.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that Ruby Robert had his way about the bandages.

The articles called for sixty per cent. to the winner and forty per cent. to the loser.

The bid of the San Francisco Athletic Club was accepted, but it was the only club in that city which had a license for July.

RECIPIES FOR BARBERS

Fox's "Barber's Book of Recipes" is one of the greatest books of its kind published. Just issued. Price, 25 cents. POLICE GAZETTE, New York City.



ROBERT J. FITZSIMMONS.

the followers of Corbett were ready to collect their money. It seemed too easy.

The phrase, "pugilistic pink tea," was coined for just such a little affair as this.

Men were yawning in their seats, others were grinning at the discomfiture of the big champion, while the Corbett adherents were making audible remarks, comparing Jeffries to an ice wagon and other inert bodies that are moved slowly by borrowed force.

Corbett had backed away from a vicious right-hand swing to the ropes. He struck them harder than he had calculated and he rebounded just in time to meet the left hook of the champion. It caught him on the jaw, and the delightful affair ended in disaster for him.

Finally, when the San Francisco Athletic Club offered \$25,000 the freckled Australian declared the fight was easily worth double the amount.

When things began to look all right and everything that Fitzsimmons asked for had been conceded, he

ALL TRADES IN THIS CONTEST

REMARKABLE FEATURE OF THE RIVALRY FOR THE DIAMOND MEDAL IS THE VARIED OCCUPATIONS OF COMPETITORS.

To call the Police Gazette physical culture contest simply a success would be to belittle it.

It has assumed a magnitude that was far beyond the original expectations.

Twentieth century Samsons have deluged this office with their photographs and Sandow himself is almost eclipsed.

Muscles have the call.

The remarkable feature of this contest is the many varied occupations represented.

For instance:

In the same mail comes photographs of a miner



ALBERT RAATZ of Austin, Texas.

from Montana, a clerk from Boston, a soldier from Washington Territory, a bicyclist from Pennsylvania, a tailor from Illinois, a blacksmith from Kentucky, a horseshoer from Oklahoma, and an amateur boxer from Indiana.

Quite a list, eh?

A big job for the judges, too.

When the proper time arrives they will have to look over thousands of photographs and begin the arduous work of arriving at a decision.

But we're not ready yet.

The photographs are coming in too fast.

Every mail brings them.

And it is but fair to give every one a chance. This contest has assumed an almost national importance, and has proved one of the most interesting features of the best sporting paper in the world.

Mr. Fox would like to have some kind of a contest every year.

He wants ideas.

Have you any?

Can you suggest any other contest which would be as popular as this one.

If you are at all interested let us hear from you.

If you think of sending in your photograph don't forget the coupon on page 2.

That is very important.

Your picture must be plainly labelled for identification.

Hence the coupon.

Some photographs have been received that bore nothing except the postmark of the town from which they came.

We cannot use them.

When you send a picture send with it a letter telling what your business is and what you think of the contest.

Here are the prizes:

First prize and championship for 1902, a BEAUTIFUL GOLD MEDAL, COSTING \$75.00.

Second prize-\$25.00 in gold.

Third prize-\$15.00 in gold.

Fourth prize-\$10.00 in gold.

If you haven't read in previous issues about the judges you may read it here. They will be selected from the following:

Ex-Champion James J. Corbett, Charley White, the eminent pugilistic referee; Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Tom Sharkey, Charles E. (Parson) Davies, Rolandow, America's champion strong man; Prof. Attila, who developed Sandow; Gus Hill, America's champion club swinger, and Sam C. Austin, sporting editor of the Police Gazette.

All good men. And experts, too.

The man who wins the first prize will get much more than a diamond medal.

He will get fame and fortune.

They both go together.

His superiority will be so pronounced that he will be in a position to challenge the winner of any other similar contest and stand a good chance to win.

He will be the best in America.

Think of that.

His future will be assured.

He will receive offers from all over the country.

A Police Gazette champion is always in demand.

Now, you can understand, perhaps, what it means to win this contest.

The honor is no empty one.

It means a most successful future for the best developed young athlete in this country.

You may be the one.

So send in your photograph at once.

Remember fortune knocks at a man's door but once in his life.

It may be knocking at yours now.

Do you get the Gazette regularly?

Why not subscribe?

Thirteen weeks \$1.00.

The supplements alone are worth that.

SOME LETTERS.

HERE'S A STEREOPTYPE.

Enclosed find photo of myself,

I am a stereoptyper at the Chicago Daily News.

I lift off the floor from thirty to forty tons of metal a day besides, lots of other work at night, such as wrestling, punching the bag, boxing and swinging the clubs, in fact I like all kinds of

athletic games for the sport there is in it. Wrestling is my favorite pastime. I think that your physical culture contest is a great thing. I have been a reader of the GAZETTE for about five years and I would like to enter in the contest if not too late. I don't expect to win any of the prizes but I may stand a chance.

A. J. THIBODEAUX, Chicago.

LIKES THE GAZETTE.

Enclosed please find photo showing my chest development. I take the GAZETTE regularly and think it the best sporting paper published.

Yours truly, STANLEY C. HAYLES,
Meridian, Miss.

BELONGS TO THE HARLEM A. C.

I am a constant reader of your wonderful GAZETTE and take great pleasure in sending you one of my photographs. I am a member of the West Harlem A. C. and have been doing slight training. Hoping to win the first prize or one of the others, I remain yours very truly.

HENRY SHARKEY,
New York City.

NEW RECORDS.

[If you know of any new records, please send them to this office.]

E. C. Schaefer, of Reading, Pa., in the swimming races held under the auspices of the New York A. C., on Travers Island, Long Island Sound, broke six American records. He lowered the half mile figures to 13 minutes 27.2 seconds.

In a five-hundred mile contest from Augusta, Ga., to Baltimore, Md., a homing pigeon owned by Dr. George W. Fisher, broke the record for birds of its class, and covered the distance in a single flight at the rate of forty miles an hour.

J. E. Gorman, of the Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club broke the record in a revolver handicap at San Francisco, his score of 924 out of a possible 1,000 beating by six points the previous record of 918, held by C. S. Richmond, of Savannah, Ga.

CHALLENGES.

"Kid" Doherty, of New Haven, would like to get on a match with any of the 110-pounders.

Andy Costello, of New Haven, would like to meet Leon Miller, weight 116 at 8 o'clock in the afternoon.

George Baker, of San Jose, Cal., challenges any man in the world, at from 126 to 128 pounds, at

IF YOU TAKE A DRINK

Occasionally, you will confer a favor on the POLICE GAZETTE by asking the man who mixes your drinks if he is trying for the POLICE GAZETTE \$75.00 medal for the 1902 championship.

ringside, with \$500 side bet, if so desired. Would prefer to take on Corbett, McGovern, or any other first-class man at weights above mentioned.

Jack Pieper, of 116 South Third street, Victor, Col., who manages Morgan Williams, would like to make a match for his man for Aug. 12-15, at the Salt Lake carnival.

WEDDING IN A LION'S DEN.

Charles W. Whitlach, a boxer, and a pretty young woman earned \$100 at Springfield, O., the other day by being publicly married in a den of lions at the Elks Carniva!

When Past Grand Master L. H. Harris announced that a purse of \$100 would be given to the couple who would have the knot tied in the lions' cage, Whitlach and the lady expressed themselves as candidates. Great interest was aroused in the ceremony and at the time appointed a great crowd filled the tent. Vain efforts were made to clear a way for the bridal party, and finally it was necessary to lead in an elephant to disperse part of the throng. That plan was effective.

Two trainers entered the cage and drove Nero and Nellie, the lions, to the end of the wagon. Mr. Harris, of the Elks Executive Committee, the bridal couple and Magistrate Bryden went quickly into the cage and the door was closed. The crowd stood breathless, with eyes fastened on the party, while Magistrate Bryden pronounced the brief marriage ceremony which united the couple.

The party left the cage hurriedly, while the trainers were occupied in keeping the lioness in her corner. The bride cried "Oh!" and scrambled out of the cage.

WEINIG KNOCKED OUT BY CARTER.

"Kid" Carter, the sturdy middleweight-from Brooklyn, sent Al Weinig down to a humiliating and decisive defeat by knocking him completely out with a short right hand jolt on the point of the jaw in the middle of the twelfth round of their twenty-round contest in the ring of the International A. C., at Fort Erie, July 14, in the presence of fully 8,000 spectators. Carter knocked his man out after literally cutting his face into ribbons. Weinig was scarcely able to stand when the Brooklyn man battered down his defense and landed the knockout punch.

From the start it looked as though Carter would surely win by a knockout. He was cautious and did not allow a single blow to go to waste. He feinted with his left and then swung his right to either the body or jaw. Weinig was apparently helpless when it came to blocking or avoiding the Brooklyn fighter's leads. He fought gamely all through the bout and at times worried Carter. Weinig made good use of his long reach. He held his left out in front of him and when Carter attempted to land with either hand, he managed to get in a good smash. It was simply a case of a game slugger pitted against a better slugger and clever boxer. When it came to cleverness, Weinig was no match for Carter. On the other hand, Carter always emerged

round of the preliminary contest. Smith hit Cobb repeatedly in clinches and was warned several times. It was while in a clinch that he swung his left to Cobb's jaw and lost. Smith had the better of the bout despite the fact that Cobb towered head and shoulders over him.

Ben O'Grady and Al Elsworth, two local middleweights, clashed in a four-round try-out bout. The contest was stopped by Referee McBride in the third round and declared a draw. Both were roughing.

REMEMBER! FOR ONE DOLLAR
you can have the POLICE GAZETTE sent to your address for thirteen weeks and get, besides, a valuable premium. The greatest of all sporting papers will follow you wherever you go if you say the word. Send for the premium list, anyhow. A postal card will bring it to you.

PRAYING FOR THE BELL.

"There's only one man I ever knew who went down on his knees to pray in the prize ring," remarked a manager the other day, "and that was Joe Walcott, when he was fighting with Tommy West a couple of years ago in New York. West was throwing some hot wallops into Joe, and the colored fighter's face showed that they were of the kind that hurt. Every now and then Joe would step into an uppercut that made him groan. One vicious swing landed in the pit of the stomach and took all the wind out of Walcott. He went down in a heap, but dragged his knees together and to all appearances was waiting to get back his wind. He got up before the count of ten and continued the fight.

The day after the fight his manager called Walcott aside and asked him what he was doing on his knees the night before, when he could have got up without taking the count.

"Lawdy me, dere was no foolen about dat," said Walcott. "Old Joe was down dere praying for dat bell to ring. Dar's a time in every coon's life when a bell has a mighty sweet sound."

Our Halftone Photos.

Orville B. Taylor is a clever and well-known character comedian and vocalist. His black-face work is very clever.

Boxer Bobby Dobbs, who is now a professor, has a fine physical culture establishment at 720 North Eutaw street, Baltimore, Md. He has a fine lot of promising pupils and he makes a specialty of medicalized baths. He is a most popular instructor.

George P. Meier, Edward Clancy, Amandus J. Krause and William Gefeke, four popular young West Point (Neb.) men, are on their way around the



A. L. SANDOVAL of Mexico, a Pupil of Jimmy Dorey.

from the clinches with either an even break or a shade the better of it.

Up to the eighth round it was a case of give and take. Weinig would rush at Carter and poke his left into the "Kid's" face. Carter countered hard on the wind and sometimes made Al's teeth rattle with uppercuts. Carter proved himself to be a good two-handed fighter and a ring general. It is doubtful if a more game boxer than Weinig has ever boxed in that ring. When Weinig received the knockout punch it was feared that he was hurt. He was soon brought back to life and left the ring unassisted. The faces of both men resembled raw beefsteak when the bout was over.

Harry Cobb, of Niagara Falls, received the decision on a foul over Jimmy Smith, the bantamweight champion of Canada, toward the end of the eighth and last

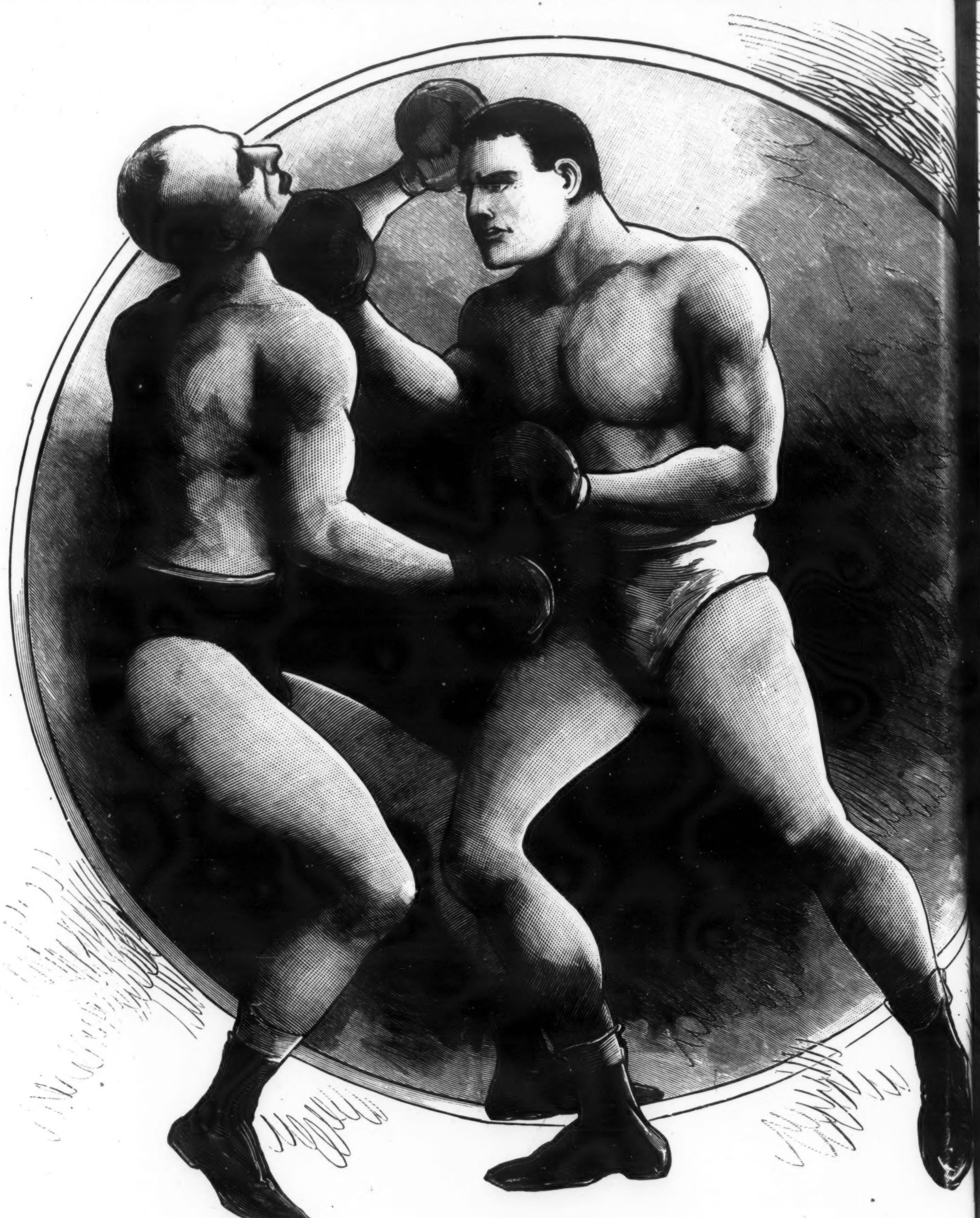
world on foot. They left West Point on May 1st, being given a grand send-off on that day by their townspeople, in which the local band participated.

Louis H. Mullenhoff, alderman of the Twelfth Ward and owner of a fine saloon at 324 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y., is one of the most popular citizens and politicians in that city.

Fred Hecht, a barber of Mulberry and Lemon streets, Lancaster, Pa., is the manager of the Tiger Football Team of that city. The boys are all well trained and put up an excellent game.

A LITTLE JEWEL

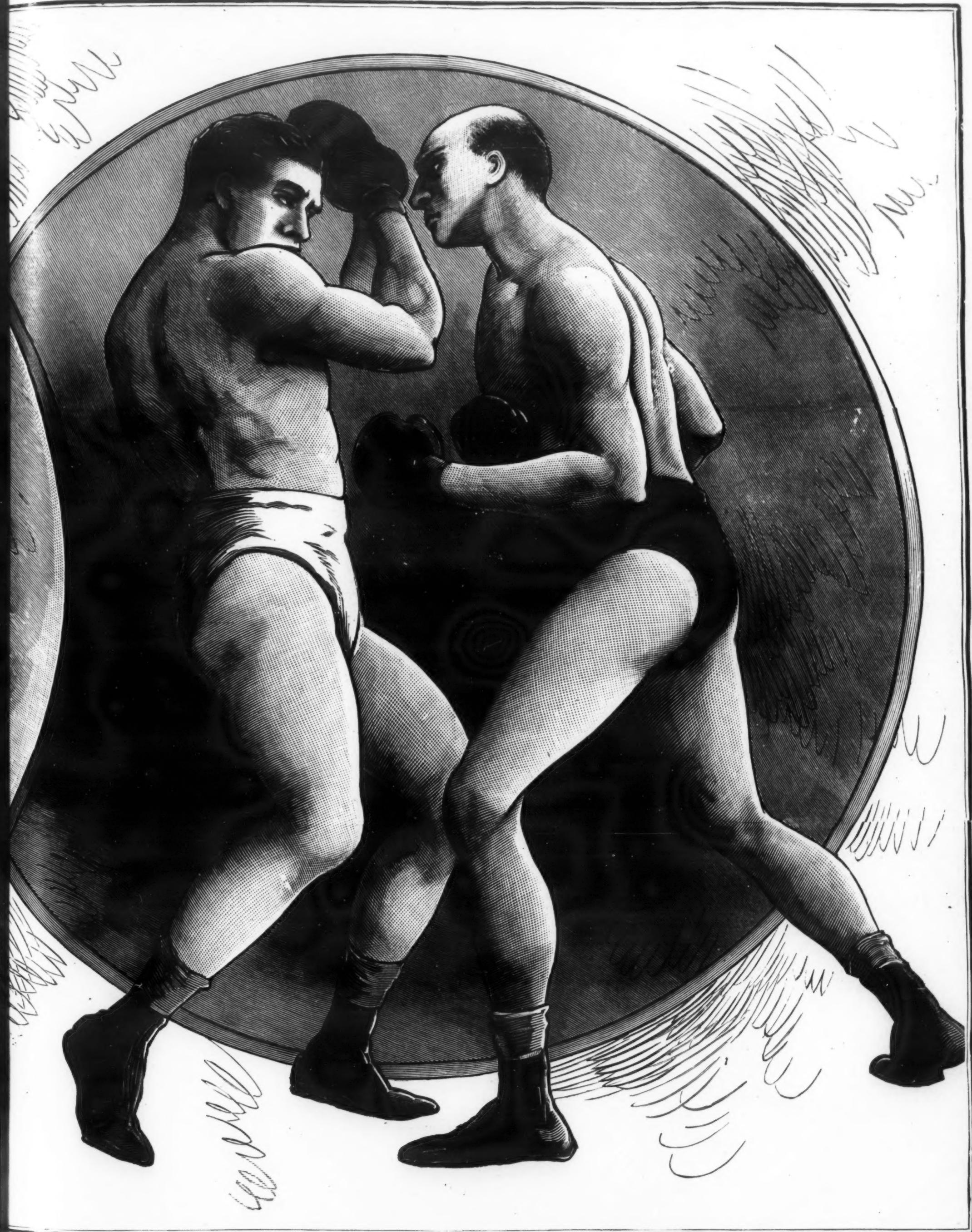
In the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1902, covering every branch of sport. The handsomest and most complete reference book ever issued. Everybody interested in sports should have a copy. Price 10 cents.



JEFFRIES LANDS A RIGHT JOLT.

SOME OF THE SCIENTIFIC BLOWS USED BY THE BIG FELLOWS WHEN

THE POLICE GAZETTE IS TO-DAY THE LEADING EXPONENT OF



FITZSIMMONS WORKING HIS SHIFT.

WHEN THEY MET IN THE ARENA AT SAN FRANCISCO, ON JULY 25.
ENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE--READ ABOUT THE DIAMOND MEDAL.

SHARKEY BACK FROM ENGLAND, DISCONSOLATE OVER LOSS OF IRISH CHAMPIONSHIP, SAYS HE WILL FIGHT NO MORE

Jim Corbett Says He is Sincere About Fighting Another Championship Battle and Begins Negotiations With Jeffries.

HOW FITZSIMMONS HOLDS UP THE MANAGERS.

Pugilistic Promoters Cast Longing Eyes Upon New London, Conn.—Jack Grace Writes About Coronation Bouts—Small Talk.

The "most widely walloped pugilist in the world" was the way they referred to Tom Sharkey the other day in chronicling his return from England. The Irish fighter came back unheralded and alone. As one writer, in commenting upon the omission to provide the Land League band and an automobile draped with green, said:

"No self-respecting Irishman could bring himself to welcome a 'foighter' who had let the championship of Erin remain in the hands of a Swiss rodent with the odor of brie and neufchatel."

Sharkey went at once to his home at Sheephead Bay and buried himself in his books. There in his library he hopes to find solace for the bitter disappointments of his London visit. He says he will fight no more and in communion with the master minds of all ages the brawny student of the crumpled ears will let the wild clamor of bloodthirsty sporting men and the sonorous call of the bell and the fatal counting of the referee fade far away and be forgotten.

There was something significant in Harry Corbett's frequent visits to Jeffries' training quarters while the latter was preparing to meet Fitzsimmons, and I half suspected that under instructions from his famous brother he was flirting with the champion to get him to promise Jim a fight in September. The thing came out in a letter which I received from Billy Delaney, Jeff's trainer, several days ago. In it the veteran trainer said:

"A battle between Corbett and Jeff has been on the horizon for some time past, but I cannot say that anything has been definitely arranged. Corbett telegraphed as soon as the present match was made with Fitzsimmons that he would like to meet the winner; in fact, before that he proposed a fight with Jeff. My answer was that Jeffries was willing to meet him on any reasonable terms as he was to meet any other man. Then Corbett wired asking that we get together and give him the privilege of bringing the battle off in September next. Corbett, you know, is under a contract with a theatrical company, and it demands that he shall go out on the road on the first of October. September, he says, would suit him, but nothing later, and the people who are employing him will allow him that time."

"While I was in communication with Corbett the Fitzsimmons match cropped up again, and was clinched, so the matter rests just as I have described."

A battle between Corbett and Jeff would be a great drawing card, and "Gentleman Jim" is undoubtedly figuring things pretty much in his favor if he can make it a twenty-round affair. In their last meeting he held up the champion for twenty rounds in as great a mill as has ever been brought off in this country. He had Jeffries smothered in blood from head to feet when the end came, having kept up an unceasing fusillade of blows from the tap of the gong. No one who knows both men would maintain for an instant that Corbett is the equal of Jeff in strength, and consequently sporting men imagine that Jim's idea is to get the money by keeping the big Los Angeles fellow away from him for the limit, arguing that if he had the stamina to do it for twenty-three rounds he would undoubtedly have it for a lesser number.

There is no gainsaying the fact that Corbett gave Jeffries the greatest fight the latter ever had, and if he is sincere in his claims for another battle he is more entitled to it than any of the men Jeffries has beaten.

See by the public prints that Ireland wants a champion. Well, Gus Ruhlin is over there somewhere.

To those who know the pig-headed character of the man it was not surprising that Bob Fitzsimmons took the bit between his teeth at the last minute and refused to do anything toward making the fight a financial success. For several weeks prior to the auspicious date public interest in the big fight was at a standstill and a "frost" was imminent if something couldn't be done to incite enthusiasm. Alec Greg-

gains, who was in direct charge of the managerial end of the show, advised Jeffries to break up his training camp at Harbin Springs and come into Oakland. The champion understood the situation and readily assented. Then he tried to get Fitzsimmons down from Skaggs' Neck "into civilization and where the reporters could get at him," as he put it over the phone. But Bob would have none of it. He humped up his back, said that he would finish where he started, and no amount of persuasion would move him. It takes three days to make the trip to where Bob's quarters were located, and the newspaper men were kicking. Greggains saw the mistake in the meagre stuff which was printed about Fitz's work, and coaxed, cajoled, wheedled and threatened. He argued that unless Fitz came down out of the fastnesses the game would suffer. He offered to pay all the cost of moving the camp and pay the balance of Fitz's training expenses, but Fitz

drawn up covering the proposition and sent it up to him. He refused to sign it, and the answer that he finally made to my communication was "If they want to see me or do business with me, they'll have to come to my camp—they'll have to come to me."

"The whole thing in a nutshell is that Fitz wanted Jeff to put up all the money that was necessary to carry the thing out. He wouldn't give up a cent."

Fitz finds it hard to realize that he is no longer "the whole cheese."

Tom Sharkey is persona non grata with Barney Reich, his partner in the Fourteenth street cafe, and the former's name in incandescent brilliancy will no longer light the thirsty wayfarer through the famous Gotham thoroughfare. Tommy was not strenuous enough in his battle with Ruhlin to make the use of his name an object—at the price demanded.

Jack Grace, the pugilistic globe trotter, was in England for the coronation bouts, and I rather half expected that a letter commenting upon the proceedings would be good reading and I was not disappointed, for in a letter to Ed. McBride, of Buffalo, he said:

"Well, the great coronation bouts were the greatest kind of a frost, there not being more than 100 people there at any one night's show, and the fights themselves reminded me of many of my 'cross country' battles in the village far away. West and Walcott was the worst kind of a barnet, and in regard to the Erne-Maloney fight, Maloney was the worst kind of a stiff. He was out in Denver in 1899 and was beaten up badly by Jack Cane in a round. He was made to order for the Buffalo champion."

"In the Jordan-McFadden match the American boy was outclassed from the start and had not even the ghost of a chance with Jordan. The last night of the Bunco Club's great tournament started with a preliminary between Ed. Martin, formerly a porter in a Denver dance house, and Sandy Ferguson, one of Kid McCoy's champions from Maine. Rube Ferns could have beat the both of them the same night in the same ring.

"The Ryan-Gorman fight (?) was very bad, a genuine frame-up, and the contest between the famous Swiss-Dutch champion, Ruhlin, and Sharkey was very sloppy. The only two contests which were worth going a block to witness were the Connolly and Daly and the Sullivan and White bouts. The boxing game is dead here. I see that they are trying to match Martin and Armstrong here for the polecat championship of

will have an opportunity of seeing him for the first time. Hart's only defeat was administered by "Wild Bill" Hanrahan (now deceased) in the first round with a right to the solar plexus.

Farmer in Richmond, Va., ran into an electric storm and was rendered bald by lightning. Just chronicle this to save curious readers asking me questions when my new photograph appears.

The last tangible evidence of Jack Dempsey's pugilistic greatness, the "Police Gazette" championship belt, presented to him by Richard K. Fox, passed out of the possession of his heirs a few days ago, when it was disposed of at auction in San Francisco. When the belt was finally presented to Dempsey, after he defeated Johnny Bevan in one of the most sensational battles of that decade, he put it on exhibition all over the country, and to say that it attracted the attention of hundreds of thousands of people in all and every walk of life would be putting it mildly. When the Nonpareil died the trophy remained in the possession of the guardian of his children and the selling of it at auction the other day was occasioned by the necessity for obtaining funds to keep and educate his daughters. It is to be hoped that the sum realized was adequate to the value of such a highly prized momento of the great champion's ring glories.

"Macon" wants to know, "Where are the fighters of yesterday?" Sh! In the words of Senator Hanna, "Let well enough alone." Easy to recall the trail-of-excitement left in the wake of John L.'s career.

Denver, St. Louis and even New York looks with envious eyes toward New London, a little New England town, where there seems to be more good, hard common sense and less bigotry than any place on the map. There the Common Council passed a law permitting glove contests and a permit was issued for the McGovern-Young Corbett battle. A lot of tea drinking busybodies tried to have the law repealed and the license annulled and finally urged Mayor Dart to interfere, but the latter, fully realizing the responsibilities of his position, said: "That is the law enacted by the Common Council, elected by the people. I, too, must respect the law and there you are."

Connecticut is almost the last place on earth where such toleration might be expected. So far the management of boxing has been left to the local government, and the Governor of the State has not bothered himself with the regulation ofistic affairs.

McGovern will train at New London. Corbett expects to go East within a short time and also get in shape on the ground, just as he did at Hartford last November.

Sam Harris, who manages McGovern, evidently expects to get back some of the money he lost when Corbett defeated Terry. He has already announced his willingness to wager large amounts. It is likely there will be more McGovern money in sight than Corbett money. The latter has none of his own to wager and is a good ways from home. A few Denver sports will follow him to the ringside and do their share to back their champion, although they will probably not give any odds.

SAM AUSTIN.

ALLEN WON.
At the Broadway Athletic Club, Philadelphia, Pa., on July 17 "Fighting Joe" Allen and George Krall were

the bright particular stars of the evening's bill. Krall seemed to be up in the air from the outset, as was in evidence by his wild swings in the opening round. Allen, who was a trifle fat, paid particular attention to George's body, and although he was walloped several times on the jaw, he countered his left so hard on the body that Krall winced. He chased his left over Krall's heart repeatedly until the latter was forced to hold to save himself from the punishment. Both lads were hard at it the finish, but it was easily Allen's fight.

In the preliminaries Jack Powderly defeated "Kid" O'Donnell, and Jack Ryan knocked out Pat McLaughlin in the second round.

PUGILISTIC NOTES.

Jack Smith, brother to Jimmy, is now stationed in Missouri with a United States cavalry regiment.

Peter Maher has not retired, so Peter Lowery says. Maher is in training and hopes to get on a match soon. Only first-class men will be accommodated.

George Gardiner and Jack Root, reckoned as two of the best middleweights in this country, have been matched to box in Salt Lake City, August 14. It will be a great bout.

The English sporting men who are trying to get King Edward to pardon Dick Burge recently sent a petition to the king thirty yards long. It was conveyed in a royal blue casket, with gold lettering on the surface and round the sides.

George McDonald, manager of Dave McNeill, the Chelsea boxer, has made two hard matches for McNeill. He has signed him to meet "Kid" Goodman in Manchester, and Eddie Quinn in Bellows Falls next month.

FIGHTING DOGS

Can be trained by anybody who owns "The Dog Pit," published by Richard K. Fox. It costs twenty-five cents, but it's worth more.



MAKING THE MATCH.

A Memorable Meeting in San Francisco, Cal., at which James J. Jeffries and Robert J. Fitzsimmons Signed the Articles of Agreement.

turned a deaf ear and refused to budge until in sheer desperation Greggains handed him out a good round piece of change and then he consented to move. That's an old trick of Fitzsimmons', and I'm surprised that a "fly guy" like Greggains wasn't wise to it before he let Bob go to such an out of the way place as he started to train.

Society columns of one of the daily papers said the other day:—"Many resorters are summering at Lake Chargoggagoggmanchaugagoggumgamaug, N. H."

There is place for fighters who require six weeks preparation for a battle. Ordinary man would only have time to get off the choo-choo cars and ask if that was the right place. Then his money would have given out and he'd have to start back.

Billy Delaney writes me also that the battle would not be perpetuated in moving picture form because of another of Fitz's characteristic hold-ups. Under the articles the club had the right to install a picture plant, but with the consent of the contestants. The club and Jeffries were alive to the commercial value of the pictures if the fight should prove a good one, but Fitz was not so sanguine. The first offer from the Edison company carried with it a guarantee of \$4,500; this Fitz would not listen to. Then Sellig & Burns came forward with a proposition to accept so much to cover the cost of installation and an agreement to take a gamble chance on a percentage. This was thought by Jeffries and Greggains to be a fair agreement, and they accepted, but as Delaney writes:

"Fitz came down from Skaggs and was in San Francisco two days at the time the biography business was on, and I expected after the word that I had sent him that he would undoubtedly call on me. He went back to Skaggs without as much as saying 'Yes' or 'No.' Then I employed an attorney and had a contract

IN THE RING.

Extra Copies of the Great Double Supplement—Fitz and Jeff in the Ring—Mailed in a Tube direct to you, 10 cents each. POLICE GAZETTE, New York City.

the world. It ought to draw. It would be 'strong' enough.

"Well, I leave here in a fortnight for South Africa and I will now close with a 'long life to all the cross-country battlers.'

"Best wishes to the boys. Yours as ever,

"JACK GRACE.
Address me in care of Prince of Wales Hotel, Durban, Natal Colony, South Africa."

Amid the general frost in San Francisco pugilistic circles, anent the last great championship fight, could be heard the resonant voice of "One-Eyed" Connolly, shouting, "I am coming."

Marvin Hart, the clever Louisville light heavyweight, through his brother and manager, Russell Hart, is out with a challenge to meet any man in the world, barring Jeffries. Hart is one of the very few pugilists laying claim to the middleweight division who acknowledges that he is too heavy to fight in this class and is looking for a match with heavier men. Hart's achievements in the roped arena have been phenomenal, and since his victory over "Kid" Carter in nine rounds he has been much sought after, both by club and theatrical managers.

Twenty contests in less than two years and with but single defeat is a record to be proud of, and in the list of defeated will be seen some of the best men in the light heavyweight class. Hart is but 22 years of age, and good judges who have seen him in action predict that he will some day be champion. Hart shows a marked improvement with each battle and with his indomitable pluck and stamina he certainly has a bright future before him. Built on the lines of a thoroughbred, with powerful shoulders, small waist and trim underpinning, capable of landing a knockout with either hand, no one has more confidence in his own powers than he.

Louisville clubs have found bouts during the hot summer months unprofitable and Hart and his brother are seriously thinking of coming East with a view of getting on a match. All of Hart's battles have been fought in the Kentucky metropolis and Easterners

All is Not Gold That Glitters, but the Gold You Will Read About on Page 7 is the Real Thing

OUR CORRESPONDENTS' COLUMN

IS THE MOST RELIABLE MEDIUM FOR
DISSEMINATING INFORMATION

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UP-TO-DATE WISDOM BUREAU AT YOUR DISPOSAL

We Cheerfully Furnish Replies to Our Readers--No Reflection Upon Your Intelligence to Ask Questions--We Like to Hear From You.

W. R., Paterson, N. J.—See answer to C. A. K.

N. M., Jeffersonville, Ind.—Send his photo and record.

J. A. J., Sanborn, Ia.—Too many technical points. Better call the bet off.

Subscriber, Scranton, Pa.—Which is the head side of a coin?.....The side bearing the date.

H. M. C., Kingfisher, Okla.—Was John L. Sullivan or James J. Corbett ever champion of the world?.....No.

O. B., Toledo, O.—What was the purse when John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett fought their battle in 1892?.....\$25,000.

K. S., Washington, D. C.—Comic papers pay \$1 each for worse jokes than yours. You are foolish to hide your talent.

H. McC., Palace Club, Albuquerque, N. M.—L. Mr. Hopper is wrong. 2. Only horses are referred to as being thoroughbred.

A. H., Bridgeport, Ala.—How many times was Fitzsimmons knocked out?.....Only by Jeffries. Says he laid down to Jim Hall.

A. H. G., Kenosha, Wis.—If you mean Frank Neil, of San Francisco, on May 3, 1901, he knocked out John Margerini in three rounds.

C. L., Boston, Mass.—Any railroad company will give you a marked map showing you best routes or take a League of American Wheelmen guide.

A. S., Allegheny.—One of our members claims that St. Patrick was born of French parents and was therefore no Irishman but a Frenchman?.....Tradition tells us St. Patrick was born in France.

P. J. C., Peoria, Ill.—Omaha and Peoria are to play a game of baseball; A and B wager on the game; A bets that Peoria will win, and the outcome of the game is a tie; how should the bet be decided?.....A loses the bet.

R. T. B., Neillsville, Wis.—Would like to know record of David Simons if he has any, claiming Montreal, Canada, as his home, also claiming middleweight wrestling championship of Canada?.....Have no record of him.

F. A. M., Shoshone, Idaho.—I would like to know if the inclosed is a straight on a card machine. This is the way they lay on the machine: 1, 3, 4, 2, 5. Does the word rotation have any bearing on the straight?.....If the word rotation is used it is not a straight.

—, Hudson, N. Y.—B and R bet W that "Pedlar" Palmer and George Dixon did not fight an exhibition at Madison Square Garden, and W bets they did and that there was no decision?.....They boxed. No decision was rendered. A "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" would settle it.

C. A. K.—You are right. The law reads: "The children of persons who have been duly naturalized, being under the ages of twenty-one years at the time of naturalization of their parents, shall, if dwelling in the United States, be considered citizens thereof." Thank you for calling attention to it.

O. W., New York.—Some time ago I received a prescription from a doctor for a common ailment and after being cured I have sold this prescription, that is, copies of it, to a number of people. Now what I wish to know is, am I liable to arrest if the police hear of it, not having a license?.....You certainly are.

C. S., Fisk.—A and B are shaking dice, cut and shake; A shakes three fives and B shakes one six and one ace and calls them two sixes, then he shakes three fives and calls the ace a five, which would make him four fives; A claims that after calling the ace a six he could not call it a five; which is right?.....Cannot change from six to five after claiming the former.

J. H., New York.—On May 30th New York baseball team was winners 15 and losers 20; Brooklyn baseball team won 15 and lost 18; the two protested games were taken off the New Yorks and leaves New York winner 15, loser 18; New York wins one of the protested games with Chicago; inform me whether New York or Brooklyn wins?.....New York was ahead on games won.

A. B. C., Cincinnati, O.—I have wrote a song and I would like to have information as to whom to write to have it copyrighted and how much would it cost. How to have music wrote for it an soforth? Please answer through inquiry department in the GAZETTE. I remain in yours truly.....Song writing appears to be a little out of your line. Send us a copy of it, however, and we'll advise you.

V. A. L., Kearney, Neb.—A and B agreed to cut winnings in a poker game; A quit the game \$30 winner and B was \$2 winner, and cast up his chips, showing he was stooed, but goes on playing and won \$40; now, is A entitled to any of his winnings over \$2?.....Depends upon when they agreed to cut, at the end of the game or when A quit. Seems to us that A was entitled to \$40 in the \$40.

E. O'N., Sheridan, Wyo.—In a game of faro bank it the last turn, but the cases only show two cards, a deuce and a king; the dealer looks and says there is a three-card turn in the box; the player coppers the deuce king for \$5, and plays the dead card for \$7.50; he goes split to the deuce king; the turn coming two deuces; what becomes of the \$7.50 that played the dead card?.....He does not get action on the \$7.50.

C., Leadville, Col.—Myself and several other parties have a bet regarding the definition of the title "thoroughbred." Some of the horsemen say it only applies to the running horse, others that it is simply a running term for the running horse to distinguish it

win his coming battle with Young Corbett for the featherweight championship. Attell's opinion is worth something, because he is of championship material himself, intends to meet the winner and has been associated with Corbett for a long time, with Johnny Reagan and their manager, Jack McKenna. He is practically matched to fight Dave Sullivan before August 20, and the winner of this bout will get the first recognition from the winner of the Corbett-McGovern bout.

"I think McGovern will win the fight," says Attell, "and I am positive that if the fight goes over four rounds McGovern will get the big end of the purse. In the first place, McGovern is in perfect condition. Nobody could put up the fight he did with Sullivan at Louisville if in anything but the best of shape. McGovern has not lost his vitality. He will be careful, he has the punch and he is as game a fighter as ever lived. Now, on the other hand, I know from personal observation that Corbett is a high liver and spends a great deal of money. He has followed in the footsteps of the man he was called after, Jim Corbett. Yet he is still wonderfully strong. I don't know how he retains his vitality. He is the most wonderful fellow I ever knew in that respect. He can whip anybody if he lands on them. I think I can whip him because I have him gauged to a nicely, but if he ever reached me in the first few rounds he would whip me. That is his only chance with McGovern.

"But Corbett is not a game fighter, and he is liable to quit at any time. He quit when he fought Broad. I was in his corner at the time and when he came back after the round in which Broad put him down, he moaned, 'Oh, my heart, my heart.' I sneered at him, 'It isn't your heart; it's your yellow streak,' and ever since then he has had no use for me.

"Now, if McGovern gets in a couple of hard stomach jolts, Corbett will chuck up the fight right there. His

from harness horses, and that outside of the racing term the definition applies also to stock, such as cattle, etc.?.....It is usually only applied to running horses to distinguish them from trotters. Although, in our opinion, every animal is thoroughbred in which pure breeding blood and pedigree can be traced.

J. W. B., Des Moines, Ia.—In four-handed game draw poker; first player to left of dealer passes his hand blind in order to get better play in case he has

bad cards.

SALOONMEN,

WHEREVER YOU ARE,

WIN A PRIZE

The Police Gazette Champion Medal is the Goal Now.

FOR A GOOD RECIPE.

There Are Valuable Second, Third and Fourth Prizes, Too.

Since the inauguration of this contest there has been received at this office hundreds of recipes for new drinks.

Some are very good and there may be a prize winner among them.

But there is always room for more. We want this to be a good contest and we want it to be a representative one.

If you are an American bartender serving drinks to the soldiers in the Philippines, or if you are behind a bar in London, in Egypt, Cuba, or any place, you are eligible for the gold medal and the great honor which goes with it.

Don't you know that the POLICE GAZETTE is the only paper in the world which encourages bartenders and saloonmen in this fashion?

And yet we ask nothing in return except that you enter this contest; that you do something for yourself.

That you win this handsome medal.

That you win these money prizes.

There isn't the space in this paper to tell the same story over week after week, but we want to interest you and spur you on to greater effort.

There are no coupons to cut.

No subscription blanks to fill out.

Just send in your best recipe.

It will be published, too, with your name and address, and you will get full credit for it.

Of course you know there is a handsome half-tone supplement given away with every issue of this paper. It is well worth framing and there can be no more attractive pictures in a cafe than these same supplements neatly framed.

We sell them separate.

Will send you a list if you ask for it.

Here are some new recipes your friends have sent in for the contest:

FOX'S COOLER.

(By E. G. De Gasteaux, N. E. corner Canal and Vine streets, Cincinnati, O.)

Use lemonade glass; half lemon, not peeled; one large bar spoon sugar; muddle well; fill glass with shaved ice; three dashes Absinthe; fill with claret; shake well, decorate with mint and fruit and serve in same glass with straws.

THE BLAKE.

(By Ed. Marks, 1015 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, Wash.)

Sugar; whole egg; elder; Scotch whiskey; ice; shake up and put nutmeg on top.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

Tom Parrott is wanted in Frisco, but "Tacks" is not within touching distance.

Umpire Jim Kinney has received an offer to officiate in the Three-Eyed League.

Hustling has made the Quaker Americans a fine team. There are few Connie Mack's.

Stallings has a hustling team in Buffalo. They are confident of winning the pennant this season.

The Chicago American League team has released McFarland, an outfielder, to Charley Nichols.

"Bid" McPhee is now out for keeps after a term of service with the Reds covering nearly twenty years.

Providence is handicapped by grounds far from the railroad lines, and dilapidated grand stand and bleachers.

In five games "Rube" Waddell the Athletics sensational star, struck out thirty-nine men and gave only seven bases on balls.

Lee Tannehill, the crack shortstop of the Louisville American Association team, will wear a Cincinnati uniform next season.

Pitcher Frank Foreman, after being released the other day by Kansas City, accepted a position as umpire in the American Association.

The work of the coaches in the Eastern League is a pleasing feature of the game. The public enjoys good-natured chaffing on the lines.

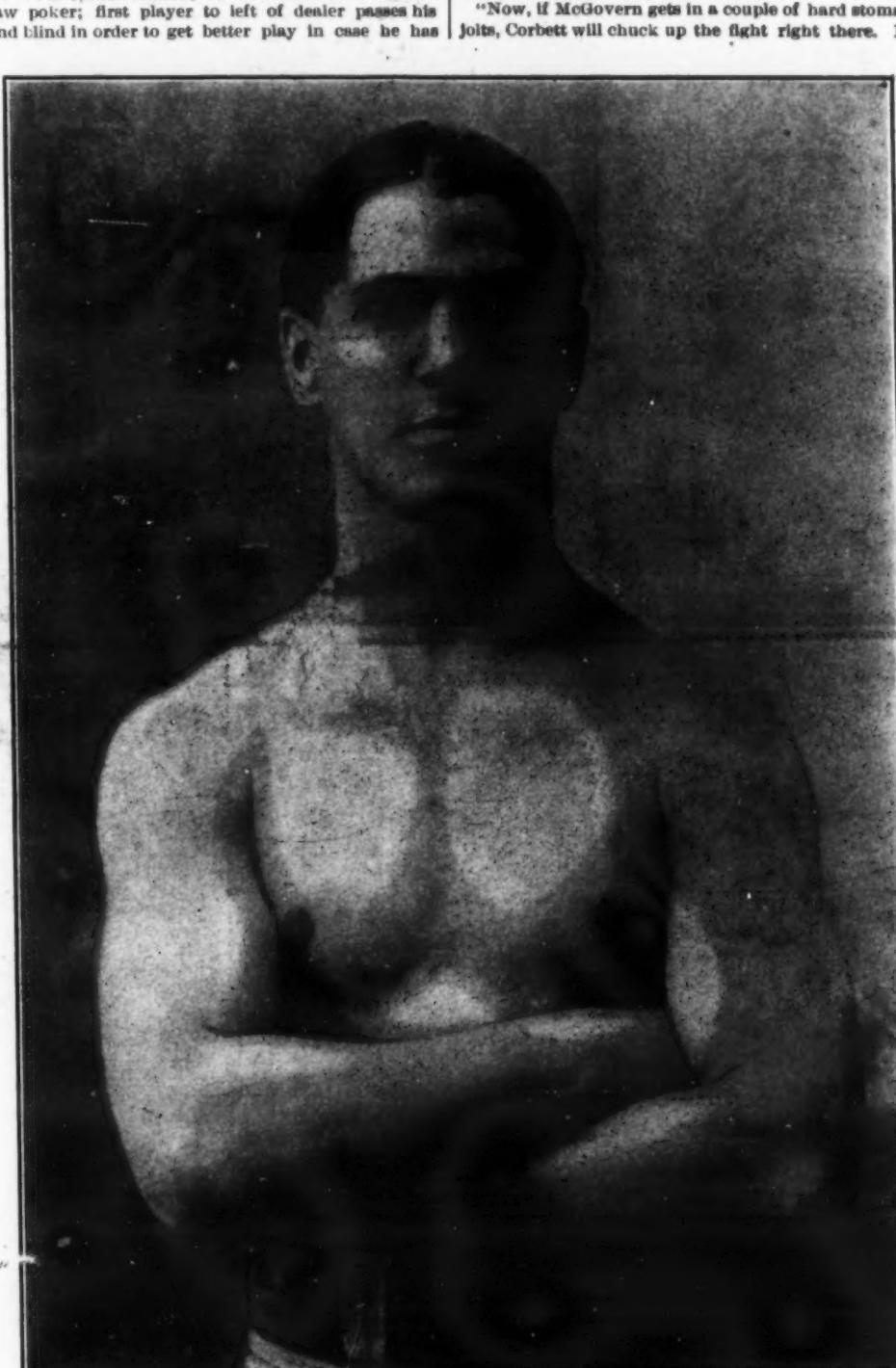
Captain Keefer, of the Brooklyns, has got his eye on the ball again and is batting above the .300 mark. It is safe betting that he is near the top in the batting averages when the season closes.

Joe Hennessy, the Price Hill boy, is playing a great game for Grand Rapids. In a recent double header he got a home run in the first game and another homer, two doubles and a single in the second.

In 1901 the attendance in the National League on July 4 was 63,725, and in the American League 35,727, a total of 99,452. This year the totals were: National League, 55,350; American, 63,193; a total of 118,540.

LEARN TO MIX DRINKS

To begin with, get "Fox's Bartender's Guide," which is one of the most compact and authentic books on the market. Twenty-five cents. That's all.



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TERRY McGOVERN.

He is Now in New London, Conn., to Train for his Championship Fight with Young Corbett on August 29 at that City.

good hand; second player opens jack pot; third player raises; dealer drops out; then the first player discovers he has six cards but had not looked at them and claims misdeal; other players claim when he passed his hand blind in order to get a play in case it was good, was still as looking at it and passing?.....Dead hand.

V. B., Durham, N. C.—The Durham (N. C.) team is a member of the North Carolina State League of Baseball, and is governed by National League rules; has the New York team (National League) a right to take a player from the Durham (N. C.) team without the consent of the manager; said player having signed contract with the Durham team?.....If the Durham team is a party to the National agreement no League team can take a player away from it.

PICKS M'GOVERN TO WIN.

What Abe Attell Says of the Coming McGovern-Corbett Fight.

Abe Attell, the clever California featherweight, who is at present in St. Louis, believes that McGovern will

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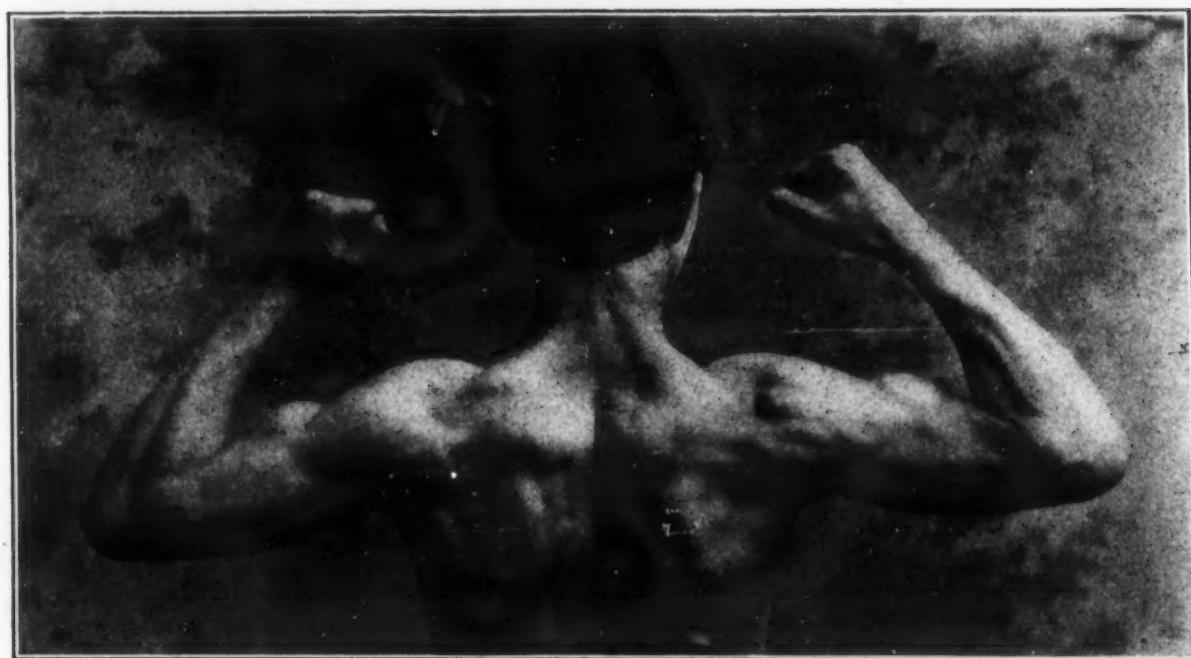
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EXONENTS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE WHO ARE ENTERED IN THE POLICE GAZETTE CONTEST.



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the other to receive.

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We send Diamonds Mounted in rings, brooches, lockets, etc., studs, scarf pins, cuff buttons or other articles; watches, jewelry, etc., for examination before the payment of any money whatever. We send them to your express office, bank, home or place of business as you may prefer, where the most critical examination may be made before you decide to purchase.

Our arrangement makes you and is satisfactory in every way, we will make a small first payment and keep it. The balance you may pay monthly in sums equal to ten percent of the price until it is paid.

We require no security; every transaction is personal and strictly confidential. There will be no question about your credit if you are disposed to act in good faith and can spare a few dollars monthly from your earnings, just as you would put it aside in a savings bank. Buying a Diamond is a safe investment—it is more conservative and better returns than any savings bank can pay. Diamonds will add probability advance in value at least 20 percent within a year—your jeweler will confirm this prediction if he is posted.

The nickels and dimes that one fritters away daily, would soon pay for a fine Diamond, and it would be a positive pleasure to deny one's self the trifles they buy, when the object sought is a Diamond for the loved one.

We give a Guarantee Certificate with every Diamond, and if it is ever lost or damaged we will replace and exchange for a larger Diamond or other goods at any time. Our Guarantee has a half million dollars behind it and is the strongest ever issued by a responsible concern. Your local banker can tell you about our firm. Ask him. He will refer to his Dun's or Bradstreet's book of Commercial Ratings, and tell you that another house in our line of business (Diamonds and Watches on credit) is rated as high as we are for capital, credit, reliability and promptness. He will also tell you, that our statements can be accepted without question.

We open hundreds of Charge Accounts every day, most of them with persons who have never bought a Diamond before. We have a luxury hand book, "HOW EASILY YOU CAN WEAR AND OWN A DIAMOND," which explains every detail of our LIBERAL CHARGE ACCOUNT SYSTEM. No one should buy a Diamond either for cash or on credit, before reading this book, for the information it contains is of the greatest value to any intending purchaser. Shall we send you a copy—it is free?

Our prices are lower than retail jewelers ask for spot cash, for we import direct from the cutters, and sell a thousand Diamonds where the ordinary retailer sells one.

If you prefer to buy for cash, we will permit you to return the Diamond at any time within one year and upon its return will refund to you in spot cash all you paid for it—less ten percent. For instance: You may have all the pleasure and prestige of owning and wearing a fine Diamond for a whole year for one-tenth of its value. If you paid us \$50, we will refund \$45; if you paid \$100, we will refund \$90. This is a great saving, and a safe investment of less than 10 cents per week. We were the first house to make offers of this kind, in fact every liberal innovation made in the Diamond business, can be traced to the popular and progressive methods of our house.

Write Dept. D-D, to-day, for illustrated Catalogue and the book mentioned above—they are free. REMEMBER—that we pay all express charges. You pay not one penny unless you decide to buy. Everything you pay applies on your purchase.

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PERSONALS.

Joe Mendella, a former Brooklyn sport, has opened a fine saloon at 125 Eleventh street, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Don't fail to drop in at the Mansion House on Main street when in Slatington, Pa. R. J. Ringer is the popular proprietor.

The only shuffleboard in Allentown, Pa., can be found at the Central House, 719 Front street. William J. Welsh is the host.

Davis & Wilson, proprietors of the Club Cafe, 230 James street, Syracuse, N. Y., have a cozy resort of which vaudeville is a feature.

The Rowley Thirst Studio is situated at 173 Central avenue, Rochester, N. Y., and chief dispenser W. E. Rowley handles the best in the market.

When in Bethlehem, Pa., stop at the Fourth Avenue Hotel. You will be treated right and learn that J. A. Norton is a first-class fellow.

We advise you to stop at the Union House, corner Second avenue and Union street, when in West Bethlehem, Pa. Q. E. Ritter is the proprietor.

For a good glass of that delicious beverage call at the American Hotel on lower Main street when in Slatington, Pa. R. C. Hunt is the proprietor.

The Monnett Theatre at 1204 Buffalo avenue, Niagara Falls, N. Y., gives a first-class entertainment every night. Joe Monnett is the proprietor.

J. Cochran is the proprietor of the Union House, at 1030 Buffalo avenue, Niagara Falls, N. Y. His place is patronized by sporting and theatrical people.

The Moonlight Inn Hotel at 116 Eleventh street, Niagara Falls, N. Y., is called a "warm place," and colored folks gather there. William Jones is the genial owner.

M. M. Kuntz is the new proprietor of the Franklin House, corner Fifth and Union streets, Allentown, Pa. The hotel has been thoroughly remodeled and refurnished.

NEW RECIPES RECEIVED.

James D. Paul, Troy, N. Y.; New England Punch; Geo. A. Woods, Ringersburg, Pa.; Whiskey Cherry; John Caldwell, New York city; Melrose Highball; H. L. Nicoll, New York city; The Gold Cocktail; Wm. Fouhy, Boston, Strenuous Cocktail; Geo. Price, El Reno, Okla., Scotch Punch; N. H. Kebert, Meadville, Pa.; Automobile Fizz; Frank Gallagher, Napoleon, O.; Tabu Cain Cocktail; Chas. Plawin, New York city; Sports Stocking Punch.

FAIRMOS HOTELKEEPERS

William Bauder, a Favorite With the Citizens of Buffalo, N. Y.



William Bauder is a well known hotel owner of Buffalo, N. Y., and his hostelry is patronized by some of the best known citizens of the Bison City. He is well informed on sports and has a host of friends among the sporting fraternity of that city.

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All the automatic weighing machines now in use are controlled by a powerful computer making enormous profits annually.

We stake our reputation on this machine for being the simplest, cheapest and most handsome ever placed before the public. All the prominent operators who have seen the sample have pronounced it the twentieth century wonder and have placed their orders.

Don't delay to get your name on our order list as all orders will be filled in the order received.

All machines will be shipped on approval, for 30 days' trial, and if not satisfactory, may be returned and money will be refunded.

We have other new ones—the improved Puncher, Lifter and the only card machine ever manufactured wherein the percentage can be scientifically regulated without changing the cards. This is the latest in card machines.

We have over forty varieties of chance and vending devices and our prices are the lowest consistent with practical machines. Orders for weighing machines will not be accepted through agencies or mail order agents, but must be placed direct at

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Write for full particulars.

SLOT MACHINES 100 Varieties; from 1.50 up. Get our CUT PRICES. New catalogues of CLUB ROOM & FAIR GROUND GOODS. Address, **ODGEN & CO.** 253 Clark St., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE BANNER SIX-WAY AUTOMATIC SLOT MACHINE is the best ever built by anyone at any price. Made only by McDonald Mfg. Co., 85 Dearborn St., Chicago.

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SAOLON SUPPLIES.

If you want Everything Clean and Bright, Try
BAR KEEPERS FRIEND
METAL POLISH.
Pound box 25c. at Druggists and Dealers.

WON ON A KNOCKOUT.

Lawrence Lutz, of Beaver Falls, knocked out Billy Yourell, colored, of Pittsburg, in the first round of what was scheduled for a fifteen-round bout before the Nonpareil A. C., Beaver Falls, Pa., on July 16. The men had scarcely started when Lutz sent right to Yourell's jaw and the colored man fell on his face and was counted out. Lutz weighed 135 and Yourell 142 pounds. A crowd of 500 witnessed the brief session.

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READ BEFORE YOU BUY.
Perfect Manhood Restored or Money Refunded.
ONE WEEK'S TREATMENT FREE.

This is the only REMEDY in the World that will instantly relieve and Permanently CURE SEXUAL WEAKNESS. Our treatment cures Emissions, Gleec, Premature Discharge, causing the Organs to regain their natural size and strength at once.

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You can obtain one of our hand-some Snake Rings absolutely free. We are giving away these rings to simply advertise our business. There is no misrepresentation or humbug about this—so if you wish to secure one of our SNAKE RINGS, all we ask is that when you receive it you will show same to your friends. Thousands have received rings from us and are using them with great satisfaction.

A HANDSOME RING, without paying one cent for it and you should write at once, stating street and number of your residence, or P. O. Box if you have one. Send and be surprised. Address, THE SIX GIRL CO., Dept. 180, N. Y. CITY.

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GOOD FIGHTER--POOR GAMBLER.

Casper Leon, bantamweight champion of America until Jimmy Barry and others gave him his quietus, is particularly fond of reciting anecdotes.

"I'll never forget," said Casper, the other evening, "my first real and thorough day's experience at the gambling end of sporting life. I had been lucky enough to win a parlor fight, and woke up the next day with real money in my clothes. It was in the good old days when a man could whistle across the street and a runner from the poolroom would bring him the opening and closing odds. Many of the poolrooms then had all night gambling apparatus on hand as well, and, just as luck, or ill luck, would have it, I encountered one of this brand. I first essayed the ponies. I lost. I bucked the bank. I lost. I touched up roulette. The pill never fell for me."

"I tried red and black. The dealer never gave me a black look. I touched at the 'Klondike' dice table. It was a Klondike for the man behind the green. When finally I walked slowly and painfully up town I had the exact sum of four cents in cash in my pocket, and this I meant to keep for postage stamps.

"Thinking of everything in general and nothing in particular, and walking with no particular destination in view, whom should I bump into on the avenue in my reverie but my own dear, beloved father.

"I could see he was a bit excited, and on his speaking to me in his native, soft Italian tongue, I soon learned the cause of his trouble. I myself, to tell the truth, was not as advanced a student at American gambling as I really thought I was, although I knew what I knew, beyond a doubt.

"My father, it seems, had a 'hunch.' He had had a dream about policy. It was a most substantial dream, so he assured me, but through the machinations of an unkind fate he could not find a policy shop open. The time was brief, and he was overwhelmed with anxiety to play.

"So, just to add to his comfort and peace of mind, I gave him the address of a place where he could play to his heart's content, and also tendered him my lonely four cents to bet on his own selection in the way of numbers.

"It was the night slip that his selection was due to appear, if it appeared at all, and after my supper at home I wandered, perhaps aimlessly, to my father's house to ascertain his luck. He was almost enthusiastic when I saw him and asked him what luck he had. He assured me, almost pathetically, that we both should have won. I asked him what 'gig' he had played, really having quite forgotten.

"Numbers 9, 19, 99," he said.

"It's hard luck! You ought to have won, pop," said I. Honestly, it would break his heart this very day if I was to tell him that policy numbers in New York city only run up to 78. In Italy, you know, the government backs the game and the numbers run from 1 to 99!

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RING EVENTS.

George Johnson, of New York, and "Kid" Lackey boxed twenty rounds to a draw at Baltimore on July 15.

"Kid" Sullivan and Sammy Myers, both of New York, boxed twenty rounds to a draw before the Utaw A. C., Baltimore.

Jim Watts, of Louisville, was given the decision over Charles Wickett, a local man, after one and a half rounds at Peoria, Ill.

Mull Bowser, of Natrona, Pa., and Walter Burgo, of Boston, fought six rounds at Cumberland, Md., which resulted in a draw. The men were evenly matched, neither obtaining much advantage over the other, although Bowser was the favorite.

BERNSTEIN TO TRAVEL.

Joe Bernstein, the little east side boxer, has mapped out a trip to the wild and woolly West. If Bernstein's plans do not go amiss he will be gone for at least a year. The first stop will be made at Baltimore, where he is booked to box either Young Tipman or "Kid" Sullivan, the Washington lightweight, who has been sweeping everything before him. Joe has other engagements that will take him to Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg and Salt Lake City. A good offer has been received by Bernstein from a boxing club in Johannesburg, South Africa, to visit that country and box Andy Mullens, who holds both the feather and lightweight championships. Charlie Horan will look after the financial end of the trip.

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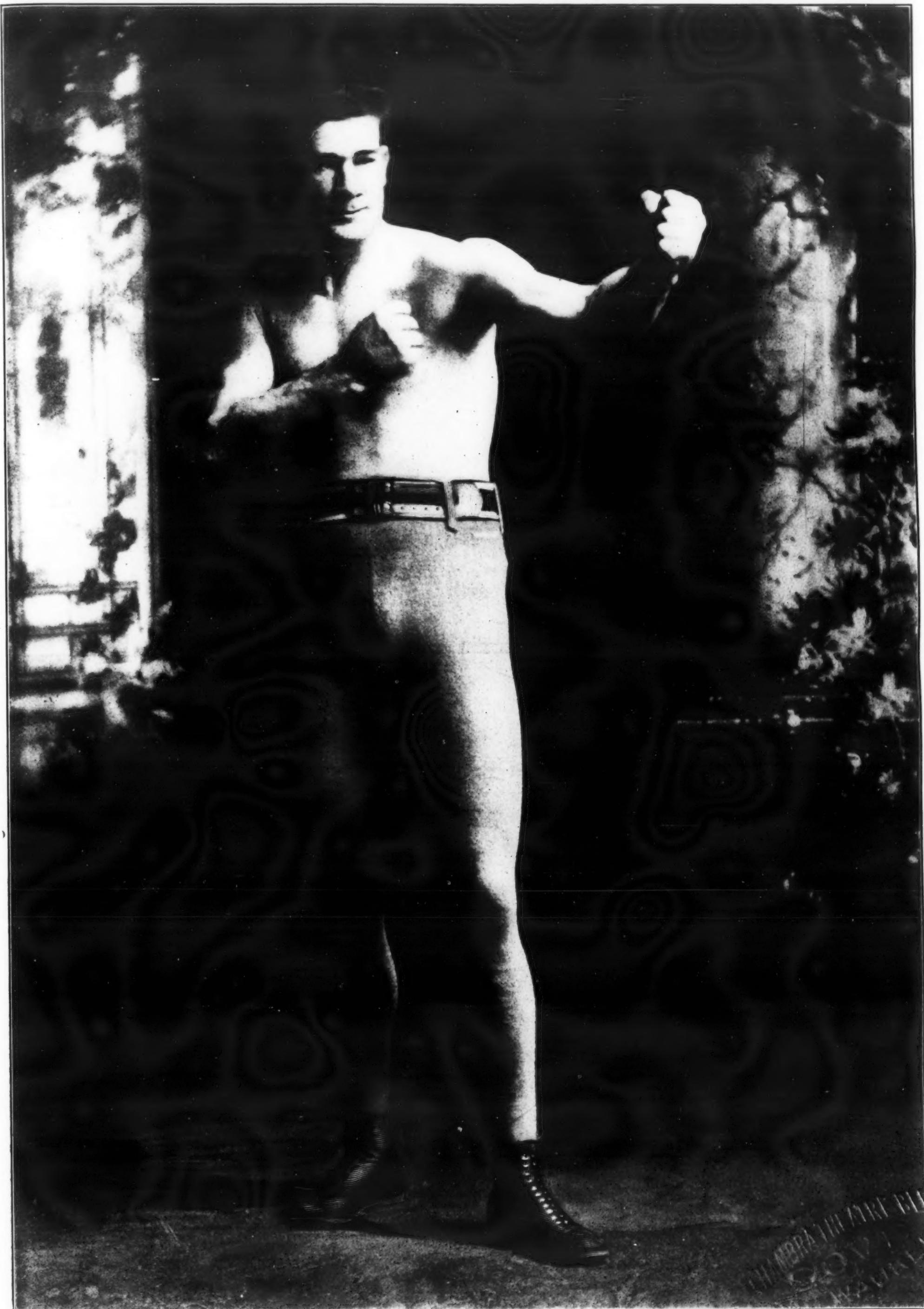


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1902
Supplement to POLICE GAZETTE, No. 1303, Saturday, August 9, 1902.



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